

occasional breeze playing through the deep arched foliage above us, soon waited on spirits to the land of dreams — "In fact," we slept; and in fact — "In fact," said it, "a joke," and the warm rays of the morning sun shining full on our faces.

The joke was this: The landlady's son, and a companion, coming home late, found us in the arms of Morpheus, and by cautious movements, succeeded in possessing themselves of our quilts. With these they hurried to the house, procured a cup of lampblack, and proceeded to fit us for the burnt-work opera; the operative being hastily brought to a close by Dick's restlessness. These two mid-night ghosts then hid in a neighbouring tree to watch our future doings.

(These facts I learned from the landlady's son, who made a full confession on his death bed, drew a quid of tobacco from his mouth; laid it up to smoke, and died.)

As I have re-narrated, we awoke. I looked at Ned and Dick; Ned and Dick looked at us; in fact, we looked at each other.

"Well," said Ned,

"Well," said Dick.

"To the hen-house!" said I, and so at once encased ourselves behind its friendly bars.

"Futty what is the world are we to do?" said frightened Ned.

"Do," said "ask Dick."

"Futty, you're the oldest, and I've traveled to Greene county and back, I'll tell us what we are to do!" said Dick.

I had no more idea what we would do than I have of entering the integral calculus. Fortunately, however, circumstances favored me in devising means for our escape, but not until Ned had attempted to suppress the alarming cries of a ponderous rooster, which resulted in the death of the rooster, but not until he had given Ned a cut very like a watch fob over his right eye.

At this interesting state of the proceedings, (the sun was now boiling down fiercely upon the low roof,) I heard a dulcet note of old Nan the shrew-mouse who was proceeding to stretch the cloth-line about the yard. Gladly we heard her come near the hen-house, and stretch one end of the rope thereto.

"Now fellows," said I, "lie low and

As soon as she hangs some clothes on this end of the line we'll just take them in out of the cold, as we need them in our business, for your see, my dear fellow victims, that the door opens on the opposite side from the house." I attempted a double-shudder. I actually attempted a double-shudder. I trembled under the body of Ned a dead rooster.

Old Nan soon told her appearance with a large basket full of white clothes and pro- vided to hang them up. Unfortunately for us she commenced at the wrong end of the line, for the pure white garments belonged to the feminine portion of the household. Nevertheless we must have clothing of some description, and hoping for pardon for this desecration from the fair ones, after they should have heard of our situation, we boldly dashed out, as soon as we were permitted, and stripped the line. Out of consideration for the delicate feelings of our many lady readers, and from my own extreme sense of modesty, I will not say what the garments were that we proceeded to don, but will say that

they were all large enough to fit comfortably, and with their many, many beautiful and colorful floral and geometric patterns, the embroidery, together with their beautiful colors, caused us to present rather a strange appearance. There were two but two pieces out of the whole lot that I could possibly wear, one long white one, rather low in the neck and short in the sleeves, and a red flannel patterned coat.

Then old Nan returned with more clothes, and her astonishment can be imagined when she beheld the empty line. With eyes distended, she exclaimed:

"De Lord have mercy on dis nigger! What'd dem clothes? De debil mus' go um sure. He don't lib our half white from dis place.

And she rushed back to relate the story to the landlady.

"Now, boys," said I, "is one chance. Run now as you never ran before. Make it for the half-d-or, and up to your room!" and we started.

I tell you, my friends, if I were going to run a foot race I had only one chance to win.

Dick and myself made pretty good time, but poor Ned caught his leg in the hem of his wrappings, and after a small slump of a cherry tree with so much force as to knock it breath out of him.

From what I can learn, old Ned fainted at our appearance, and on recovered when the landlady's maid brought in the almost lifeless form of Ned, when I heard her exclaim:—

'Hold yer hush, all ob yer, kase Miss A. Ned, and he's got on Miss A. Ned's brin new sh—'

The balance of the sentence was lost by the closing of the door.

Ned was finally restored to consciousness, and came upstairs. We then had some water brought up, and after due time, made our appearance at the door of the singular creature, and finally compromised the matter by promising not to sleep at all more, and by paying old Nan handsomely for again washing the clothes. We a third—in fact, she was the one that made anything by the operation.

OLD FATHER